

The



Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1923

No. 3

Heavy Loyola Scoring Machine Overwhelms St. Joseph's 66 to 0

Last Saturday before one of the most enthusiastic student bodies in the history of St. Joe, Coach Kiley's Loyola university huskies ran, passed and smashed their way to a 66-0 victory over the lighter and less experienced Purple and Red team. Though completed outclassed and outweighed the St. Joe team displayed plenty of fight. The game was a struggle between experience and grit. The Loyola that played here last Saturday is not the same Loyola that last year's Purple and Red team held to a scoreless tie. Times have changed. The Maroon and Gold team worked like a piece of well oiled machinery. It appears that Kiley has instilled some of the famous Notre Dame precision and snap into his men for the way they shifted and ran interference Saturday was a sight pretty to behold.

For St. Joe Captain Weier played a star defensive game. Though the lightest man on the field this plucky youngster was in almost every play. Time and again Weier rushed in from the secondary wall, evaded or at times crashed into the bulky interference and almost without fail brought down his man. Jim Hipskind and Jeffers also performed consistently on defense.

It is a rather difficult task to select a star for Loyola. The team moved with such unity that every man deserves praise. The work of Wiatrak at tackle, however, stands out very prominently. This young giant besides blocking a St. Joe punt was a stonewall to our backs. Then too, he was often called back to run around the ends and here he was no snail. As has been said Wiatrak could tackle, block and run, but he shone more brilliantly as a punter. His long high kicks were a feature of the afternoon. Bill Flynn, ex-St. Joe star, played at the other tackle and although only in

the game for two periods he did well.

Loyola played straight football most of the time and kept the Purple and Red warriors on the defense during the greater part of the game. Their varied attack held the collegians in a daze. The first touchdown came as the result of a series of end runs after the two teams had exchanged punts, after that the scores came with regular monotony, broken here and there only when the Saints resisted more stubbornly than usual. In the second quarter Kiley sent in a new team but in the final quarter he shifted his first string men into the fray again. The last quarter saw something of Loyola's famed aerial attack and in this period three touchdowns were scored.

The game did not become a rout although the score would seem as if it were. On the contrary it was the story of a team out played, and hopelessly beaten that fought on the same.

Referee: Kirk, (Rensselaer); head linesman: Aldrich, (St. Joseph's); umpire: Putz, (West Virginia).

Score by Periods				
	1	2	3	4
Loyola	13	13	13	21
St. Joe	0	0	0	0

Boys are back in college again. Some have arrived by day coaches, some by football coaches.

Doctors are changing people's noses. Sticking yours where it doesn't belong also often changes it.

Firpo is safe in going into the automobile business. There's no danger in being floored there.

Prof in Physics: "A transparent object is one through which other objects can be seen distinctly. Can you name one?"

Trahe: "A doughnut.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY ELECTS

Monday evening, October 15, Father Cherry held the elections of the Holy Name society in the college department study-hall. John Roach now holds the presidential position, while Albin Ratermann is first vice-president; Marcus Vogel, second vice-president, and John Byrne is secretary.

After the elections Father Cherry gave an ardent lecture appealing to the students of the college to do all in their power to stop the career of cursing and filthy talk which the world seems to be following. He also read extracts of the society's constitution, informing the officers-elect what their particular duties are and telling the other members that their co-operation is required.

C. L. S. HOLDS REGULAR MEETING

Sunday morning the Columbians met in Alumni hall for their regular bi-weekly meeting. Because of extended miscellaneous business, both the customary private program and the Parliamentary law quiz were dispensed with. Francis Fate, the critic of the society gave a lengthy criticism of the last private program and also of the first public program of the year. Another feature of the meeting was the admittance of two new members to the society, namely, Raymond Boehm and Francis Schwendeman. Mr. E. P. Honan was present at the meeting and everybody was glad to have him with us, for we all enjoy his company. We hope that his health enables him to attend every meeting that the C. L. S. holds this year.

A nice thing about the coming world's series is that neither team can end up lower than second place.

Dirrig: "So that's your new overcoat. Isn't it rather loud."

Hipskind: "Oh! Its all right when I put on the muffler."

THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AMBITION

As told by

Percival Archibald Malaprop.

For sale, trade or rent—One complete football outfit, including the liniment, by ex-candidate for the varsity. Apply at locker 275.

As I raised my blotter from the above sign I breathed a sigh of finality. The deed was done; the dice were rolled or as, I believe, they say it in Latin, "Finis! I am Consummationum est." My career as a football star was at an end, and that end had come before I had made my debut among the constellation of football stars. Oh well—let it be thus. I am contented, for as Shakespeare says, "Sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds." But it is an interesting story.

On one warm afternoon of last August I paid a visit to the public library. The librarian chanced to be making an invoice of the adult fiction and magazine department so I either had to forego my beloved looks on Sociology and Masticology and return to my home empty handed or turn my literary eschewments to more ephemeral literature such as the childish minds of today glory in. I entered the junior room.

As I glanced over the loaded shelves in this spacious room my eye was caught by a picture. One couldn't help but see this picture. It had a blue background, a flaming red sky, a flaming redder sun and in the front of the picture was a tall handsome flaming brown football player carrying a ball and thrusting aside a number of other flaming brown gridiron warriors. I was awestruck by this picturesque scene. Oh—what a thrilling masterpiece! What a picturization of human strength. I made a closer investigation and found this to be an illustration from I. Thrillen's book, "Benny Jerrall on the Gridiron or how a County Lad Astounded the Football World," in six parts.

Needless to say I took this book home with me and at exactly 2:30 the next morning I laid it aside. Thrilling? That book had more thrills in it than any merry-go-round or ferris wheel at the county fair ever had. It set me to thinking. If a lad like Benny Jerrall could send the coaches of Harvard and Yale into ecstasies, what, upon my entrance into St. Joseph's college, would I do with their poor coach? Poor chap! I hoped his heart would be strong enough to stand the shock of surprise and joy he would get when, I like Jerrall, would snatch the pigskin from my opponent's hands, just as he was ready to cross the goal posts and then run the entire length of the field for a fall-down that would win the game and bring the ringing applaudits from the thronged grandstand. If the coach could only stand

the shock—well I would be willing to be on the team.

At exactly 6:30 the next morning I rolled out of bed, donned my clothes and betook myself to the nearest athletic store. There I purchased a complete football outfit including at the clerk's suggestion, an autograph book for my future admirers. I returned home with my purchase and after mother had pumped up my football I stood before the mirror and practiced different methods of bowing to an applauding grandstand. By the eleventh of September I was a fairly good football player.

School opened and the coach issued his call for football warriors. I responded immediately. That same day we had our first theory practice. Ah, but that was thrilling. It was ten times as interesting as any of our debating club meetings at home. And, the practice that followed theory was equally interesting. We donned our picturesque uniforms, and then formed a line. At a given signal we perambulated around the field on a run. I didn't care for such strenuous exercise but I knew it would strengthen me for my spectacular dashes. After this we passed the ball among ourselves for a time and then retired to the baths.

But yesterday the majority of the players requested a scrimmage. Horrors of horrors this was the beginning of my undoing. The coach told me to remove my eye glasses and wrist watch and play center position against the varsity men. A real scrimmage! This would mark my advent into the game of football. I could plainly recall that picture of Benny Jerrall and now imagined I was in his shoes. Ah! Let them proceed I was ready!

The whistle blew. A great lumbering giant ran to the ball and kicked it. It arose in a splendid arc and then dropped squarely into my arms! Wonders of wonders! But then I starting thinking. This was a preposterous predicament. Here this kind hearted Hercules had kicked the ball right to me. Benny Jerrall had never been confronted by such a situation. It was really perplexing. What should I do with the ball?

As I stood pondering the eleven players on the varsity started running towards me at full speed. Perhaps they could tell me what to do with this ball. But they didn't. When about ten feet from me they all made one big dive for me. They all "got me," too, as they say in football novels. I fell and they, most rudely, fell on top of me. It was excruciating, agonizing—it was unbearable. Two men grabbed me by the neck, one by the hair, another by the legs and the rest jumped on top of me. My head was buried in the dirt, (Oh, if mother had seen me!) I shrieked, yelled and screamed. In time those eleven play-

ers piled off me. I lay still until one kind hearted chap said, "Get up, Percy, you're not hurt, come on over here and play center."

"But, sir," I groaned, "I really am hurt, I believe I would prefer to retire from the game." But he was off patting another chap on the back so I thought I would delay my complaint until he should return.

My head was swimming, my nerves shattered, my eyes overflowing, I was a complete wreck. The rest of the players squatted down in a line as if to rest. Ah, blessed rest! I too squatted down in the place indicated by the coach. Opposite me was the varsity center, a tall rawboned, muscular Irishman. I looked at him closely. He seemed to be a fairly nice chap, but suddenly with a diabolical grin that son of Erin rushed at me and knocked me back five feet. I lay in a heap, but right through that hole in our line came three men and one ball. Those three pair of feet came right towards me and then—Merciful Oblivion!!

I awoke in the infirmary two days later. After a week of convalescence I wrote the above sign and now I am waiting the proceeds of my sale to buy some golf balls (African.) In the future this game will be the maximum of all my athletics.

CINCINNATI BEAUTIFUL!

"Huh—what a beautiful building," sarcastically remarks the visitor as he alights from the train and dryly looks at the many antiquated depots in Cincinnati.

So modern and convenient, he continues, waxing eloquent in his disgust.

And then laughs out, as one who finally sees the light of a joke after a long period of darkness,

"So this is Cincinnati!"

"You ain't seen our city yet, Mister," indignantly reminds a little chap, overlaid with newspapers, who had overheard the remark.

"Just so!" This from an elderly gentleman who also had been standing nearby when the none-too enthusiastic visitor had uttered his ironical comment.

Taken back, the once insolent but now thoroughly humbled man, made a hasty departure. Rapidly descending the stairs, he stood for the first time on Cincinnati soil. There again he said, but, this time very inaudibly, "So, this is Cincinnati!"

Indeed the sight which met his eyes was liable to criticism. The district, inhabited by foreigners, seemed congested, dirty, and extremely unpleasant; the buildings just high enough to cut off the sunshine, were, in many cases, unsightly.

The stranger did not linger here

(Continued on page eight)

ALUMNI COLUMN

A SON OF ST. JOSEPH'S

Gifted Pastor of Ft. Wayne Cathedral
Writes to Paper About "The
Invisible Kingdom."

For his firm stand taken in regard to the Klan question, Father Thomas Conroy, the pastor of the Ft. Wayne Cathedral, has received due praise from the Indiana Catholic and Record. This paper reprints his open letter to the Ft. Wayne News-Sentinel, and through the courtesy of the Indiana Catholic and Record we are giving you herewith Father Conroy's picture. Since Father Conroy is an alumnus of St. Joseph's we deem it a pleasure to present this small tribute to him, through the Alumni Col-



FATHER CONROY

umn, and assure him that St. Joseph's student body is very proud of him.

In his article, Father Conroy excoriates the Ku Klux Klan and brands that secret organization as, "the outfit that has contributed nothing to Ft. Wayne, except broken friendships, hatreds, suspicions, secret revenge and the whole brood of evils that people try to conquer and destroy in the progress from a condition of barbarism to the decency and culture that we Americans have always claimed

"This scholar continues, "... The fight on the import paid agitator who

came among us to commercialize the bigotry and prejudices that still survive as a blot on our civilization, and on the selfish citizen who joined with him for political or business reasons will be waged relentlessly for medicinal and corrective purposes, until it is established for many years to come that a small, nondescript minority shall not again rise in their audacity to flaunt their noisy 100 per cent Americanism in the eyes of the public and be permitted at the same time to forget that they are still in America."

Thus does this popular and loyal son of St. Joseph's urge all good citizens to join in the battle against an organization of this sort. And the Cheer assures Father Conroy that his old St. Joe is right behind him in everything and takes this occasion to express her gratitude for his fearless stand.

In the next issue of the Cheer the Alumni Column shall contain a message from Father Leo Sponar, C. PP. S., who is doing mission work, as stated in our first issue. Wait and see what Father Sponar has to say, and don't forget to contribute a write-up yourself.

GET IN THE GAME

The Cheer is herewith publishing a report of the ten highest averages from each of the six classical years, three highest of each of the commercial years. Likewise the averages of these ten averages are given to show the standing of the individual classes in view of these representative students:

Sixth Class

	Per Cent.
1. Robert Stock	93 1-2
2. Isidore Paulus	93 3-8
3. Arthur Froehle	92 1-8
4. Carl Willacker	91 5-8
Francis Fate	91 5-8
5. Albin Ratermann	91 1-8
6. Philip Rose	89 1-8
7. John Roach	88 4-9
8. Eugene Arnoldi	87 3-8
9. Marcus Vogel	87 1-8
10. Joseph Hagstrom	87

Class average—91 and one-fourth per cent.

Fifth Class

1. Ralph Mueller	94 2-7
2. Robert Gorman	93 5-9
3. Charles Ruess	90 5-6
4. Sylvester Schmelzer	89
5. Charles Boldrick	88 7-8
6. John Sabo	87 7-8
7. Urban Wimmer	87
8. James Hoban	86 6-7
9. Joseph Gooley	84 6-7
10. Edward Kotter	84

Class average—88 and one-half per cent.

Fourth Class

1. Lawrence Rall	91
2. Cornelius Dobmeyer	89 4-7

Per Cent.

3. Francis Swenderman	88 2-3
4. Paul Fulton	88 1-2
5. August Hoefer	88 3-7
6. Leo Higi	88 1-8
7. John Medland	87 3-7
8. Lawrence McGuire	86 2-3
9. Raymond Dirrig	86 5-8
10. Harry Estadt	86 2-9

Class average—88 and one-fifth per cent.

Third Class

1. Herman Klocker	93 5-7
2. Paul Reed	91 1-3
3. Joseph Ludwig	89 1-3
4. Raymond Boehm	88 6-7
5. Wilfred Ullrich	84 1-2
6. Raymond Leitshuh	84
7. Albert Krill	83 4-7
8. Francis Weier	83 1-6
Albert Gluckert	83 1-6
9. Paul Gallagher	80 3-7
10. Norman Liebert	80 1-3

Class average—85 and one-fifth per cent.

Second Class

1. Cornelius Herringhaus	98 3-5
2. Frank Denka	98 1-2
3. Charles Ryan	95
4. William Michell	94
5. Herman Noonan	92
6. Charles Magsam	90 4-5
7. Herman Gaul	89
8. George Murphy	88
Francis Matthew	88
9. Paul Froche	86 1-3
10. Edward Williams	85 3-5

Class average—91 and five-elevenths per cent.

First Class

1. Leslie Ryan	98 1-5
2. Henry Alig	96
3. Theodore Wallig	94 5-6
4. Cornelius Hubbuch	94 1-5
5. Francis Murphy	94 1-6
6. Thomas Medland	93 2-7
7. Richard Kobetits	93 1-7
8. Frank Kraft	93
9. John Modrijan	90
10. Paul Bernier	89 2-5

Class average—93 and three-fifths per cent.

Third Commercial

1. John McDonough	79 6-7
2. Joseph Schumiacker	78 1-6
3. Carl Oatman	73

Class average—77 per cent.

Second Commercial

1. Edgar Orf	95 1-3
2. Clement Hoeing	84 5-6
3. Austin Warren	79

Class average—86 and one-third per cent.

First Commercial

1. George Dapson	91
2. Aloysius Buddendick	86 1-6
3. Albert Eilerman	80 1-6

Class average—85 and two-thirds per cent.

Sobzack—"Say, Kook, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide, who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?"

McDonough—"No, lets hear it."

The College Cheer

Published twenty times during the scholastic year at Collegeville, Indiana.

Rates: Per Year.....\$1.50
Single Copies......10

STAFF

Albin H. Ratermann.....Editor-in-Chief
Francis L. Fate.....Associate Editor
James H. Hoban.....Sporting Editor
Edward A. O'Connor.....Contributing Editor

Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, October 27, 1923

EDITORIALS

We Thank You

It is indeed a singular debt of gratitude that we owe by reason of the recognition given the "Cheer" in the editorial columns of the Indiana Catholic, issue of October 18. Cognizant of the estimable rank and influence of this leading Indiana Catholic publication, we thank them most sincerely. We have the pleasure to reproduce the picture of our greatly esteemed Alumnus, Father Thomas M. Conroy, which, also, we have by their courtesy.

Every young man should draw out a sketch of what, by the grace of God, he means to be. Think no excellence so high that you cannot reach it. He who starts out in life with a high ideal of character and with faith in its attainment, will find himself encased from a thousand temptations. God provides for you the field, the armor and the fortifications.—Catholic Tribune.

We're Proud of Him

Since praise is ever more decorous when accorded by a third party, we quote from the masterly editorial of the Indiana Catholic of October 12,—a tribute to a popular Alumnus. "Father Thomas M. Conroy, the gifted pastor of the Fort Wayne cathedral has done splendid service to the cause of real Americanism by the splendid reply he made to the editor of one of Fort Wayne's daily papers on the Klan question."

Excerpts from the article which evoked this merited complimentary editorial are printed elsewhere in this issue. Masterly in their thought-content, succinct in their diction, these excerpts alone voice the singular eloquence of him whom we proudly call a faithful Alumnus.

The Movies as an Educational Factor

Not infrequently the trend of our social conversation reverts to the discussion of that ever growing power in American life, the movie film. That this agency is rapidly gaining a significant point of vantage throughout

the country, that its immense influence is being realized more acutely as the industry leaps in giant strides to world dominancy, is incontestable. Nourished daily by four million American dollars, the enormous payment of our thirteen million daily movie fans, the moving picture has advanced in astonishing bounds to a position of marvelous ascendancy.

Tones of disparagement tend to drown the welcome chords of optimism which would style the movie as highly beneficial to mankind. Truly, inestimable harm may and oftentimes does accrue from the screen. That this form of entertainment is not without important educational possibilities, however, is apparent to the impartial mind.

The greatest assistance, perhaps, is offered in the study of history. To the average young person history is a dry and uninteresting subject. Despite the romantic touch which some historians have given to preeminent events, they somehow or other do not attract. It is unequivocally true that the mind by the help of the eye grasps an idea much more readily, and that the memory much more easily retains the impression thus gained.

"Motion pictures that reproduce our national history and periods of American life with accuracy, genius, and beauty, do more for Americanism and intelligent love of country than all the orators in the United States," comments Herbert Quick, famous teacher and novelist. To show our country of a century ago with sincerity and charm, with faithfulness to detail, is a highly educational and important thing. A picture, clear, vivid, and inspiring, is thus imprinted forever upon the minds of students.

Through the medium of the screen people are beginning to have a glowing appreciation for the pioneer days, to understand what our country really was in the past, and what an iron strain there was in the men who carved out the nation. The race of children and young adults who see these epochal and accurately historic pictures will have a stronger feeling of responsibility to the past and a greater desire to measure up to the stature of their ancestors. This note in our motion pictures is one that everyone should welcome as a fine thing for Americanism.

It does not require a remarkable imagination to determine that this process of history will succeed with our young people where book chronicle has failed. The more mature students of the subject, of course, will want a deeper and more tangible grip on historical enterprises than the film can afford, but the screen offers an open way to bring the whole matter interestingly before both children and adults—and impressively. Thus it is that despite the demon of depreciation roving about, seeking to

discourage the motion picture industry, there are yet impartial critics who grasp the momentous influence the movie can and is exercising in the sphere of education.

Our "Depleted" Language

Were we to estimate the vocabulary offered by the American language from the astounding usage of foreign terms in this country we should undoubtedly fail to even approximate its great scope. Especially has this practice of adopting foreign words and phrases crept into the lingo of our restaurants and hotels. That this must be discouraged is quite apparent.

It would be considerably more satisfactory all around if eggs were called eggs and hash were called hash, instead of resorting to long drawn out French substitutes. As a matter of fact we have succumbed almost completely in this country to the use of French descriptive words in the matter of hotel menus; to such an extent in fact that the man from "Main Street" not infrequently blunders into ordering soup when he desires eggs, and too, through no fault of his own.

There is no good reason to believe that the American language is not sufficient for use either in an American hotel or in an American literary work. It may look a bit spectacular to substitute French words, but chicken hash is chicken hash and Hachie de Volaille Aux Haricote Verts does not help even an intelligent American to make his order any more enjoyable or palatable.

We are accustomed to go to extremes a good many times in this country in an effort to make it appear that we are no longer provincial, when as a matter of fact it is high time we were establishing a national independence and individuality at least in our menus. The man from "Main Street" doesn't care for this smoke screen on American dining tables and after all he is a factor to be considered.

To be a varsity man,
When you hit this mark
Show us your ability,
Let's hope you are a shark,
In prowess and agility.
If you're not an athlete
For it takes your support complete
Come out for every game
To bring St. Joe to fame
School spirit is the thing
That students must obtain
Make it echo, make it ring
All for St. Joe's cause and gain.

PERCENTAGE OF STUDENT SUBSCRIPTIONS

The "Cheer" in looking over the subscription list finds that exactly seventy per cent of the students are taking the paper. It is indeed gratifying to see that a large majority of the students stand behind their college, their publication, and their own interests. While, as we say it is pleasing to note this, we still desire to have a hundred per cent loyal student-body. We furnish herewith our inventory:

	Per Cent
Sixth class	100
Fifth class	92
Fourth class	70
Third class	60
Second class	50
First class	48

These are plain facts. Now let us ask the question, "What does it mean?" Here is the answer:

The longer a student is at college, the more he begins to realize that there is a traditional college spirit which must be kept up. He also learns that the "Cheer" is one of the most important factors in keeping that spirit alive, and that such a publication needs his support and good will. He likewise realizes that when those on the staff speak of building up a "greater and better 'Cheer,'" they have something more than self-advancement in their minds, they have the welfare of the students and their school at heart. Yes, that is what it means.

Just take a look at the gradual slumping in the percentages, and you will realize this. When once you understand the situation fully, we feel sure that you will subscribe, not as a personal favor to any of the editors, but for your own advancement. If you don't subscribe, for heaven's

sake don't read the other fellow's "Cheer" over his shoulder, for it may get you into the real school spirit, which you seem to be dodging. Leave the "dodgers' union," hand in your name today, and get in the "swim" at St. Joe.

THE TREE AND THE SEASONS

When summer's days were scarce begun
And forest leaves were green,
There stood a tall and stately tree
With charming, verdant mien.
It stood so tall, it spread so wide,
While in the nest there cooed
The doves as fragrant air they
breathed;
The monarch of the wood!
And yet since autumn's days have
come
Beyond all beauty's ken,
Touched by the brush in Nature's
hand,
It stands the awe of men.
Its raiment of the deepest green
Takes on the brightest dyes,
And lo! so great the difference now
That with the flowers it vies.
Before fair autumn's days are past
Those colored leaves turn brown,
And hardly is the view enjoyed
When they are falling down.
Then sleeps the tree till spring awakes
So softly from her rest,
And cheery robins choose its limbs
To build their cozy nest.
Robert Gorman.

And now some experts are finding that food and personality are related. To be magnetic and have personality one must eat raw onions and eggs.

Perhaps the candidate who is willing to spend all the salary to be elected to office does want to serve the dear people.

The Best Quality at
The Right Price

:—:

THE CLOTHING HOUSE OF
WILLIAM TRAUB

RALSTON? Most certainly! And
as usual right up-to-the-moment
in style. Better come in early
and look them over : : : :
: : COLUMBIA SHOE STORE

HOTEL MAKEEVER
A Home Away From Home

Thomas M. Callahan
The Place to Buy your
COAL

DR. CATT
Optometrist
Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted.
Office over Long's Drug Store

A. F. LONG & SON
Druggists and Stationers
Cameras and Films
Ice Cream and Sodas
Phone 53

O'RILEY'S
THE PLACE OF SWEETS
Cookies — Cakes — Rolls

WARNER BROS.
HARDWARE

Furnishings
Toilet Goods

Candies, Cookies
and Eats at our
Grocery.

Supply Your Needs At

Murray's
DEPARTMENT STORE

Florsheim Shoes
Coopers Underwear
Hart Schaffner
and Marx Clothes

Go where your friends go- to

THE COLLEGE INN

Where Quality and Service count

JESTS and JINGLES

Hagstrom: "What have you been doing all summer?"

Froehle: "I had a position in my father's office."

Hagstrom: "I wasn't working either."

Where do they keep the extra bases?

Why?

Well, that man just stole 3rd base.

Coach: (to beginner)—"What experience have you had before?"

Beginner—"Well, this summer I was hit by two autos and a truck."

He struck a match to light his pipe On a can of gasoline;

A puff of smoke, a loud report— Since then he's not benzine.

"Leave it alone it cost me nine bucks," said Ig. Murphy as Mac DeShone was trying to pick the fuzz off his camel hair sweater.

Zeller—"How do the players get all the mud off their uniforms?"

Jeffers—"That's what the scrub team is for."

Prof.—"If you are kind and polite to your fellow students, you all know what they will think?"

Streckler—"Sure, they'll think they can lick me."

Fleck—"Say, Ted—why don't you change your shirt, I can still see those eggs you had at Culver."

Liebert—"Gw'an, we had them at lake Forest."

Overheard at Senior Table Number 1:

Marcotte: "I'm going to ask to play the role of a deaf and dumb guy in our class play, and avoid work."

Stock: "Kid you sure could play the 'dumb' part to perfection."

The staff of Cheer leaders are certainly a bunch of fine looking fellows, Lauer not excepted, while Ig. Murphy is by far the most handsome, be- from Ohio it comes natural.

At Culver a cadet began to blow retreat. The shrill piercing notes of the bugle reached Hempfling sitting in the dining room—Oscar—"By Gosh, fish on Saturday night."

Clete Wagner: (at stationery) "I want a book for a high school boy."

Clerk: "How about Fielding?"

Clete: "I dunno, got anything on baserunning?"

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

Rensselaer, Ind.

Rensselaer X-Ray Laboratory

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS
X-RAY TREATMENTS

I. M. Washburn, M. D.
C. E. Johnson, M. D.

E. F. Duvall, D. D. S.

Dentist

RENSSELAER, - - - INDIANA

In George E. Murray Building.

Phone 30

We rebuild 'em to look and wear like new.

The College Shoe Shop

H. G. ABBETT CO.

Successors to John Healy

Philip J. Frechette Wholesale Candy Company

"QUALITY CANDIES PRICED RIGHT"

Our complete line carried
by the

COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY

When In Rensselaer visit Us
First for

CLOTHING, SHOES AND
FURNISHINGS

THE WONDER STORE

All the student's wants in the
Drug, Kodak and Stationery line
taken care of by competent

Druggists at

FENDIG'S

Rexall Drug Store

BEASLEY STUDIO

HOME of BETTER PICTURES

Friend of the Kodak

Mail Orders Solicited

Dr. A. R. Kresler

Special attention given to dis-
eases and surgery of the Eye,
Ear, Nose and Throat.

Over Rowles and Parker's Store
Phone 360

THE PROGRESSIVE SHOE
REPAIR SHOP

We Sew on Soles
Goodyear Rubber Heels

G. W. KUAUR

A straight backbone works bet-
ter than a crooked one.

Dr. F. A. Turfler

Murray Building. Phone 300

R. Beck

Cleaning, Pressing
and Repairing

E. D. Rhoades
& Son

HARDWARE
Plumbing and Heating

Rensselaer Ice Cream
Company

Phone 118

WEIGHING IN WITH THE
PIGSKIN WARRIORS

There has been quite a bit of discussion as to how much the various members of the football squad tip the beam. The following is the official weight of each man:

Jeffers	184
Hoffman	182
Hoban	168
J. Hipkind	167½
T. Liebert	156
Castello	153
Lucke	151
N. Liebert	148
O'Connor	146
Lyons	144
Jno. Hipkind	132
Weier	140
Yeager	136
Trahey	150
Beckman	171
Stock	148
Buhl	138
Farragher	140
Gunderman	147
C. Hipkind	186
Carmichael	136
Bastin	164
Buckley	178

The average of the first eleven men on the list is 157 pounds. These men started the Lake Forest game.

Indiana claims to have turned out great men. But what we cannot understand is why did they turn them out.

Zuppke of Ill., is a football coach, even if his name does sound like a foreigner asking for soap.

A Columbus man threw a coffee pot at his wife. She considers this grounds for a divorce application.

The next thing for science to do is to make golf an indoor sport.

PURPLE AND RED PATCHES

Kirk handled the whistle Saturday and did a good job of it. Fred Putz, an old West Virginia star, acted as umpire and likewise gave a good account of himself.

Bill Flynn stayed over Sunday with us and all his old friends welcomed him warmly.

Weier, though liberally bruised in the Loyola fray, will be in tip-top shape for the Elmhurst game.

The weather man was good to us Saturday and provided an ideal day for the game, clear and nippy.

Coach Kiley was quite elated after the game when he was informed that Notre Dame had defeated Princeton, 25-2. He will be remembered as a star end for the "Fighting Irish" two years ago.

The next game is November 3, with Elmhurst. This will give the team two weeks to recuperate and get in shape. The men think that in that game they can get on the winning side of the column and undoubtedly every man on the squad will do his best.

Cornelius (Hungry) O'Keefe, former St. Joe student and present stellar tackle for the Whiting "Friars" is reported to have been injured in last Sunday's game with Austin Indians.

New Barber Shop
UNDER PALACE THEATRE
Hair Cutting a Specialty
Shave 15c Hair Cut 35c
W. L. THOMPSON

FINE ICE CREAM

COCOA COLA

Mack & Company

BOTTLED SODA WATER

MONON, INDIANA

Candy

Ice Cream

WRIGHT BROS.

Tobacco

Lunch

If you wish to get well, have your spine adjusted

E. C. BOGAN, P. S. C. Graduate
Chiropractor

Over Jessen's Jewelry Store

Phones: Res., 403--Office, 523

Office Hours: 9-12 a.m.; 2-5 p.m.—Tues., Thur., Fri., 7-8 p.m.

for Economical Transportation



WHITE FRONT GARAGE
Harry A. Wild, Prop.
Phone 47

The Royal Tailors
—For—
The Greatest Clothes Value
ENOUGH SAID
PHONE 463

CLARKE -- The Jeweler
Where Quality and Service
Count—Watch Repairing
a Specialty

IF IT IS TO EAT WE
HAVE IT

Ideal Grocery
Clouse & Worden

FRANK G. KRESLER
TAXI and BAGGAGE
Your Patronage
Solicited

JOE JEFFRIES
Chiropractor
Over Farmers' and Merchants'
Bank. : : Phone 124-A
Nine Years' Practice in
Rensselaer.

Tailoring Mending
RENSSELAER DRY CLEANING
WORKS
The College Dry Cleaner
Pressing Dry Cleaning

Fendig's
EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE
The place to buy your footwear,
hosiery, and athletic footwear.

OUR SLOGAN:
"Perfect Fitting and Service"

HILLIARD & HAMILL
Clothing Store

J. J. MONTGOMERY
News Stand

CINCINNATI BEAUTIFUL!

(Continued from page 2)

but boarded a street car for the heart of the city. As street after street faded in the distance, Cincinnati assumed a different appearance to the visitor. People crowded the streets and traffic was heavy; buildings were better constructed and in better condition; nowhere was disorder evident.

Fountain Square is reached and the favorable impression of the last few minutes is greatly vivified.

Alighting from the car, the stranger, if he be unacquainted with a large city, will undoubtedly make himself as conspicuous as possible. He may try to save a few steps in crossing the street, or he may be heedless of the traffic officers' signals; either of which will result in a spiritual one-sided conversation, after which the one spoken to usually makes a hurried get-away.

Of course, after this little affair, the city again appears extremely unfavorable. But even a policeman's anger can be forgotten in the novelties of the scenes about.

Huge buildings tower above him; the noise and hurry of the crowd thrill him; everything seems to attract his attention.

True, every visitor is not a rustic one; but even those from larger cities never fail to find something of interest. It is also true that all large cities look somewhat alike and that an inhabitant of one city will seldom become overly-enthusiastic over the architecture of another man's city; but, let me suggest that this man viewed Cincinnati as nature planned it.

Let him survey the hills, hills that seem to disturb the very calm of the vast sky, hills covered with a green mantle whose velvety smoothness is broken only by a few scattered trees and shrubs! At these hills the most prejudiced stranger cannot help but experience a change of heart.

But I do not wish to leave the impression that the hills of Cincinnati are the city's only pride. The many parks and suburbs are other sources of delight, besides numerous other scenes which contribute to make Cincinnati, "The Queen City of the West!"

The visitor, now thoroughly converted, returns to the depot. Here,

amid the same unsightly scenes, he again says, with admiration where once was scorn,

"So this is Cincinnati!"

—Edward Kotter, '25.

TO THE CLASS OF '25

A humble, little rime to those
Who leave a year from June:
Invoke the Muse and then compose,
Oh, give us verses soon!
The Cheer men oft for more will cry,
May then new lines be penned
As o'er the verse of Pope you sigh,
While sense and rhyme contend.
"Twould seem that this will ne'er be
done,

How can I rhyme this sound?"
Such thoughts will surely come to one
As words on words rebound.
Some verses are not good enough
To earn your daily bread,
But further strain will bring the stuff,
Reward sublime instead.
Then onward toil for betterment,
And readers soon will find
That all your work and good intent
Has much improved your grind.
Joseph A. Gunderman.

One thing about castles in the air
to their credit—they are not taxable.

The First National Bank

**Pays Four Per Cent. Interest on
its Savings Accounts**

**You are always wel-
come at this Bank**

**SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES
FOR RENT**

PALACE THEATRE

Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 31 and Nov. 1

Norma Talmadge, in

"The Eternal Flame"